MORNINGSIDE

J. GRANT SENIA

Printing

RELIABLE UP-TO-DATE ELECTRIC POWER PLANT

35-43 West 125th Street

Stationery Store, 106 West 125th Street NEW YORK

Mr. LEAL'S SCHOOL for BOYS
Plainfield, N. J.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR . . . .
PREPARES FOR BEST COLLEGES

Representative now in Columbia received Alumni Competitive Prize of $600 for highest entrance. Three or four boys are received into family of the Principal.

Address, JOHN LEAL

LURCH DETACHABLE PIANOS

RENTED $3.00 UP

353 Fourth Avenue, near 25th Street New York

Piano Used at Columbia Glee Club

THE UNIVERSITY RESTAURANT

WEST HALL

Breakfast from 8 to 9.30 o'clock
Meals served until 6 o'clock
Superior Cuisine at Popular Prices

WILLIAM P. HUEBNER

FREDERIK A. FERNALD

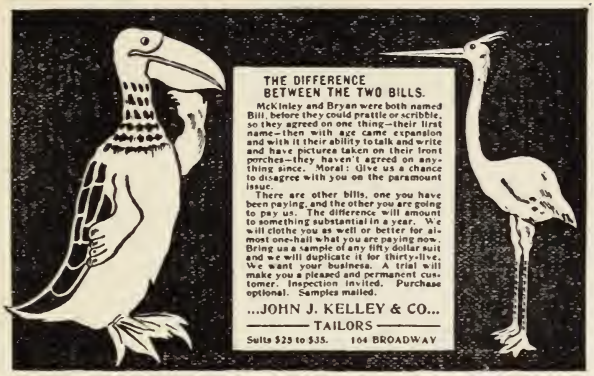
The Columbia University Press Bookstore

West Building, First Floor

PRINTING and Engraving, College Pins, Stamped Note Paper, Fountain Pens, etc., etc.

GYMNASIUM SUITS

AVER
DURST


THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE TWO BILLS.
McKinley and Bryan were both named Bill, before they could prattle or scribble, so they agreed on one thing—their first name—then with age came expansion and with it their ability to talk and write and have pictures taken on their front porches—they haven't agreed on anything since. Moral: Give us a chance to disagree with you on the paramount issue.
There are other bills, one you have been paying, and the other you are going to pay us. The difference will amount to something substantial in a year. We will clothe you as well or better for almost one-half what you are paying now. Bring us a sample of any fifty dollar suit and we will duplicate it for thirty-five. We want your business. A trial will make you a pleased and permanent customer. Inspection invited. Purchase optional. Samples mailed.
...JOHN J. KELLEY & CO...
TAILORS
Suits $25 to $35. 164 BROADWAY

A. HERRMANN

Drugs and Prescriptions — Perfumes Cigars

FINE QUALITY TOILET ARTICLES

Prescription Department Complete in Every Respect

Manhattan Ave., cor. 116th St. — New York

THE UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

WEST HALL

Open from 7.30 A. M. to 6 P. M.

A large stock of the best imported Perfumes and Toilet Articles for Sale . . . . . .

MICHAEL SALERNO, Proprietor

Also of the Manhanset House, Shelter Island, N. Y.

CLASSICS
AP
2
.M6673
v.5 no.
1900

ROCKWOOD, JR.

Studio and Posing Room
on Ground Floor . . . .

2388 Broadway, near 87th St., N. Y.

A Colored Picture on Large Mount suitable for Framing, Free with each Dozen. Amateur Photographers may have their films developed, printed or enlarged. Supplies. "Team Photographs" are a specialty. See "Columbia Cross-Country Team" picture made at our establishment.

CABINET CARDS, $4.00 PER DOZ.

J. F. NEWMAN,

19 JOHN STREET,

NEW YORK.

Fraternity, Class, Society Badges.
Medals, Keys, Etc. Designs and Estimates furnished.

Cremo Cigars

Acker, Merrall & Condit

·: THE :·
·: MORNINGSIDE :·

Vol. V | October 11, 1900 | No. VII

Editors

Editor-in-Chief: E. B. Mitchell
Managing Editor: A. R. Allan

Associate Editors

H. F. Small — Albert Gallatin
G. Danton — John Erskine
H. G. Alsberg

Published at Columbia University, New York City, every third Thursday during the College Year, twelve numbers in all. Subscription Price, One Dollar. Single Copies, Ten Cents. Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class mail matter.

CONTENTS

Alma Mater — *John Erskine*

Comments

Confused Circumstances — *Homer Lytleton*

Parting — *H. G. Alsberg*

The Boy — *A. R. Allan*

Alma Mater

CLASS DAY, 1900

Spring from the valley rises to the hill,
  And starts the corn-seed toward the autumn sheaf;
From the long silence breaks the robin's trill,
  And all the rose-heart flushes to the leaf.
  A little shadow finds a hiding brief
In the low places ; all the light has flown
With the Spring, hillward, to our mother's throne.

There on the hill she reigns beside the rose,
  And high out-soars the robin's melody.
And at her feet the river slides and flows,
  And spreads its waters till they find the sea.
  So all the bloom of all the flowers to be,
Into her Springtide flowing, dwells enclaspt ;
So spread the years toward her full bloom at last.

To-day she sets her throne upon the height,
  And there a larger dawn breaks o'er her head,
Where from the East the century grows bright.
  The rose that once in Omar's garden bled,
  Now at her crowning wears a deeper red ;
His bird of wine-song pipes a nobler strain,
When the Queen cometh to her own again.

For we have loved her when she was no Queen,
  But only walked the 'prentice roads of fame ;
Before her feet the gray land turned to green,
  And where she walked the rose broke into flame,
  So swiftly in those days the Summer came.
But now the years together make one Spring,
Where the Queen reigns in one long blossoming.

Not ivy-grown, not overgrown with years,
  Nor sadly sweet with thought of battles done ;
Not to be loved like those whom age endears,
  Nor praised, like those whose laurels all are won ;
  Still in her youth she puts old wisdom on,
And sends her children proudly on their way,
Who now behold her coronation day.

Not like the birds that Summer calleth home
  To build their nests anew ; not like the rose,
Returning yearly to its ancient bloom ;
  Nor the rich West, in whose oft-fading glows
  Hundreds of days still blossom ere they close ;
We build no more beneath our mother's crown,
Never take up the life we here lay down ;

But as a river, passing to the sea,
  Swift to its rest, whence never stream returns,
Slips down between the hills unswervingly,
  Yet somewhat falters at the end, half spurns
  The hard-won sea, and landward-bending, yearns
Toward the high shores, where once the stream came through,
Toward the strong hills that kept the river true ;

So at the parting time we turn aside,
Not for the wane of purpose, or the lack,
But for the nature of this human tide
That cannot leave the shore and not look back
Where she who held us to the seaward track,
Shows forth enthroned against the morning sky,
On the high hills of her own destiny.

Is she not beautiful, our mother, now?
The light that rested once on Greece of old,
Strikes through the years and dazzles on her brow,
And shows how her long tresses sink and fold
Where Truth has set anew her crown of gold;
While love for many children in her eyes
Makes kind the light of many victories.

Over the sea her flashing glories break,
That sea of hearts whither her children run,
While all her hopes take wing and outward make
Swift to the Light of Hope, before whose throne
All pure things fold their flight and lay them down.
And there her ideal dreams rest secretly,
Till one by one God bring them forth to be.

We cannot leave her, though we say farewell;
No wave can ever seaward drift so far
But to the shore will come again and dwell.
Seaward we go; yet shall the guiding star
Bring us to port within the harbor-bar
Whence first we came. And on that mother-shore
We shall find rest to put to sea once more.

Then O my mother, in the days to come,
When thy long Spring has touched maturity,
And many a rose has mingled its red bloom
With silver of the robin's song, for thee;
When many waters have attained the sea,
Till a great ocean rests upon thy shore
Larger than any sea we travelled o'er;

Then in thy greatness, make thy children great!
Raise us to thee, whose height we cannot climb.
And on thy deeds may all God's blessing wait,
And on thy thoughts wait all His truth sublime,
And all thy dreams come true in His good time.
Then when thy days shall reach eternity,
Great as thou art, so be our love for thee!

John Erskine

NOW, who would ever have dreamt that our worthy contemporary, our sister Columbia publication, we might almost say, the staid Bookman, would have fallen into the evil ways of a sporting paper? Who could have surmised—that is, who but those on the intricate "inside"—that some fine morning this stronghold of maidenly conservatism would thrill an astounded world with a series of giddy, light-headed frivolities on *foot-ball-nines*, think of it, foot-ball-*nines!* Now, whether the general public is yet ready to knock off the fractional half and quarter-backs in this radical manner is quite beside the point; the important thing is that foot-ball has won a new advocate; foot-ball is saved! Nevertheless, dear Mrs. Bookman, you must be more careful about these matters; really now, mightn't it be better to let the office-boy, who understands these things, make out these little sporting items. For, suppose that sweet-tempered paper, "The Sun," had not overlooked your frailty, truly you would have been roasting on the *gridiron* now; and this may at least be said of "The Sun," that its *meat* is seldom underdone.

MORNINGSIDE takes great pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Danton, 1902, College, to the Board.

Confused Circumstances

A Farce.

Characters:

Jack Douglas.
Harry Woodhull.
An Old Lady.
An Old Gentleman.
Tommy.
His Fond Mamma.
The Dentist.
Helen Vinton.

Scene: The Dentist's outer office—a room furnished in dull and dark colors; around the walls are old-fashioned, walnut, glass-covered book-cases, containing large volumes. On the mantel-piece are two vases filled with dried flowers. On the walls are hung large engravings of battle-scenes, of Windsor Castle and the like. The chairs are covered with black hair-cloth. In the center of the room is a table littered with well-thumbed comic magazines. As the curtain rises the old lady is discovered seated in one corner, the old gentleman is in another. Jack and Harry are in the middle of the room. Harry's face wears an expression of friendly sympathy. Jack's attitude is one of extreme melancholy; he bends forward, his face in his hands; he rocks to and fro in an agonized manner. His jaw is clumsily tied with a handkerchief.

ACK: "O, hang this toothache!"

Harry: "Awfully sorry, old fellow. Well, shall I go on with the story, or don't you feel like hearing it?"

Jack: "Go on. It's deuced kind of you to come here and keep me company while I wait for that confounded dentist."

Harry: "Well, where was I? O, yes, you see it was——"

Jack: "What a devil of a nuisance it is to have to wait

so long for your turn! Hang this toothache, anyway! Go on."

Harry: "It *is* a nuisance. I had to wait three hours at the oculist's the other day. Well, as I said, there were four of us: Dick Willard, Nelson Jones, that chap Weston—you know him, don't you?" (Jack nods his head in a despairing manner.) "Tooth hurt much?"

Jack (in the tone of a martyr): "Thanks, no. Might be worse. I hate to see a man make a fuss over a mere toothache. Go on with the story."

Harry: "There were Willard, Jones, Weston, and myself. It was right after the game."

Jack: "What game? O, yes, you told me. Harvard game, last Fall."

Harry: "We were pretty happy, as you may imagine. First we went to Koster's. There was an awful jam there."

Jack (brightening): "Yes! Don't you remember Billy Ford was put out for trying to climb upon the stage? It was great! Jove! That was——" (relapses into his former position.) "Damn this tooth."

[Enter the Dentist; he goes toward the old lady.]

Old Lady: "Yes, it was most embarrassing—embarrassing and painful." (Takes her false teeth from her mouth.) "It was at a large dinner party my son-in-law gave Mr. Thompson; and they fell right in my soup. In my soup, I tell you! Think of it! In my soup! And I had to pick them out with my spoon! O, it was most exasperating. In the soup!"

The Dentist: "It was, indeed, a trying situation. You remember I told you they must be fastened more tightly."

Old Lady (whimpering): "But that does hurt so."

The Dentist: "Well, we'll see what can be done. Won't you step in?" (They go into the Dentist's office. She steps into his chair and seats herself.)

Old Lady: "Yes, in the soup!"

The Dentist: "It *was* unfortunate."

Old Lady: "And you know, Doctor, why it happened! You've been shirking your work." (She shakes her finger at him with antique coyness.) "Shirking your work. And I know why. Yes, I do. You sly Doctor! I have heard all about it! You are engaged—engaged to that charming little Miss Vinton. Really, you might have told me. You sly, sly man! You see, I found out. I know just where you are."

The Dentist: "In the soup, you say? How exasperating."

Old Lady: "You sly Doctor! Now, tell me all about it." (The Doctor slams the door of his office.)

Jack: "Did you hear that, Harry? Miss Vinton! The Doctor engaged to Miss Vinton! Aha! That's it."

Harry: "Come, now, Jack. There are other Miss Vintons in the world beside *the* Miss Vinton."

Jack (rising, and pacing the floor excitedly): "So that's what was the matter when I met her the other night."

Harry: "Well, I really can't blame her after the way you danced with Blanche Harrison, you know."

Jack: "But——"

Harry: "Stick to the toothache, my boy, I think it *is* slightly more agreeable. Well, after the Harvard game, the night when Billy Ford was pulled——"

Jack (with anticipation, holding his jaw): "Ouch!——"

Harry: "Well, that night we four——"

Jack: "What four?"

Harry: "Jones, Willard, Weston, and myself—we went down to an old place I go to on Sixth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. We had various things to drink from Cream Ale to Green Chartreuse——"

Jack: "Engaged to Miss Vinton! I never heard of but one Miss Vinton, and that's Helen. O, beg pardon old chap. I've heard every word. There were three of you. It was after the baseball game; you'd got full on Green Chartreuse——"

Harry: "That's it. Well, we——"

Jack: "Do you think it's Helen?"

Harry: "Of course not."

Jack: "Now, it couldn't be Helen, could it? Well, as you were saying, you——good story of yours, Harry. Well, as you were saying——"

Harry: "Yes, as I was saying, we'd had a good bit to drink, and finally we started to walk up Fifth Avenue. We——but I bore you."

Jack: "*You?* That's what the Dentist's going to do. Bzzz——Wzzz."

[Re-enter the Dentist. He leads the old lady to the door; helps her to put on her coat.]

Dentist: "Now I'm sure you'll have no more trouble."

Old Lady: "Well, I hope so. In the soup! It *was* most embarrassing. Well, good-bye, Doctor. You sly man. Engaged! To that charming little Miss Vinton!"

[Exit old lady; the Dentist crosses the room and speaks to the old gentleman.]

Old Gentleman (excitedly)*:* "I'll have 'em all out, sir, every one of 'em. No, sir, I won't be a slave to *my* mouth, if I have to eat scollops and sourkraut all the rest of my days." (The Dentist pushes the old gentleman into his office. Old gentleman trips over rug. Finally the office door closes behind both of them.

Harry: "Pleasant old gentleman. Well, we walked up Fifth Avenue, getting happier as we moved along. Dick Willard lives on Forty——seventh Street. You know how

he gets when he's had something to drink. He lectures everybody about good behavior. Well, every time he'd begin to lecture we'd push his hat over his face and try to pull his arms out of their sockets and get behind him, take him by the arms, and run him along. Every little while he would try to escape from us. He'd run half a block or so and then we'd catch him again. Then he'd run again. We kept this up all the way up to Forty-seventh Street. Then suddenly he sprinted down Forty-seventh Street toward his house, with us at his heels, yelling 'Stop, thief'! But, what with our yelling and laughing and being pretty unsteady on our feet anyway, somehow we didn't catch him. He ran up the steps of his house, slammed the outer door to ; and so he had escaped us."

[Enter Tommy and his fond Mamma. Tommy is whining and sobbing. They seat themselves on a sofa in the corner.]

Jack (absently): "Go on, old man."

Harry: "But we were up to any old mischief. So, when Willard didn't come out again, Weston gave the front-door bell a couple of vicious yanks. Nothing happened ; so Jones, in spite of my telling him not to, rang the bell again about a dozen times in succession, and with that the three of us ran off at top speed.

"The next day I met Willard at college.

"'You got me into a pretty mess,' said he.

"'How's that?' I asked.

"'That ringing the bell woke up everybody,' he replied.

"'That's too bad,' said I. 'I tried to stop those fools Weston and Jones. What did your folks say?'

"'Say? Well, the first time you rang, my father, my three sisters, my mother and my maiden aunt came rushing down stairs. They thought the house was afire. "Well, sir," said

my father, "what does this mean?" A brilliant idea struck me. I said I'd dropped my house-key and couldn't find it, and so I rang the bell, and that after I had rung I found the key.'

"'Great idea,' said I.

"'Great?' exclaimed Willard. 'Yes, wasn't it? Just as I had finished my little yarn that cursed bell rang again.'

"Pretty tough on Willard; wasn't it, Jack? Ha! Ha!"

Jack (impassively): "Go on, old chap. I'm listening. Good story! What happened after you got to Forty-seventh Street?"

Harry: "O, the devil!"

[Enter the Dentist. He goes toward Tommy and his fond Mamma.]

The Dentist: "How do you do?"

Fond Mamma: "How are you? This is my son. Tommy, this is the Doctor." (Tommy sets up an ear-splitting howl.)

Dentist: "Don't be afraid, my little man."

Tommy (between sobs): "I ain't afraid. My paw promised me fifty cents if I——pulled my own tooth——an' now Marma——won't let me. Bohoo!"

The Dentist (to relieve the embarrassment): "Well, well, my little man. I am not quite ready yet for Tommy, Madam. Here is a patient who was here before you I believe." (To Jack): "Your turn at last; sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

Jack (to Harry): "Don't wait for me, Harry. I'm awfully obliged to you for coming. Bully story of yours. You'll have to finish it for me another time. And you don't think it's Helen, do you?"

Harry: "Of course not."

Jack: "Thanks! Thanks! You've been deucedly good.

Bully story! You don't think it's Helen? O, this tooth. Well, good-bye."

[Exeunt Jack and the Dentist into the Dentist's office. The door of the office is closed. Harry puts on his overcoat.]

Harry: "My best story, too." (Turns with a sigh to the door, which is suddenly thrown open. Enter Miss Vinton, prettily attired, but with the right side of her mouth screwed up painfully. She drops exhausted into a chair. Harry hurries forward to her, but is frozen to the spot by a distant bow.)

Harry (inanely): "By jove!"

[Exit as though time were money.]

(There is now a dead silence, broken only by Tommy's wailings. At last the office door is thrown open and Jack staggers haggardly out, his mouth tied up in rubber.)

Dentist (calls after him): "Just keep that carbolic acid on your tooth and I'll come and look at it in a minute. Now, Tommy, my man."

[Exeunt Tommy, his Mamma and the Dentist into the Dentist's office, Tommy howling vigorously. Jack seats himself, swaying to and fro.]

Helen (at last, falteringly): "Which is it, a molar, or one of the front ones?"

Jack (what with rubber flap and carbolic acid, speaking indistinctly, like a gramaphone): "Front!"

Helen: "Oh! that doesn't hurt near as much as a molar, where the hole goes right down to the gum, you know."

Jack: "I'll be hanged if it don't."

Helen (freezingly): "Oh!" (Then after a long silence, as if suddenly remembering something): "Dear me, I quite forgot. Allow me to offer my congratulations."

Jack (staring): "What for? Why *it's* not out yet. Is *yours?*"

Helen (indignantly): "Mine?"

Jack: "Yes, the molar."

Helen (snappishly): "Oh!——no."

Jack: "Oh! I see, going to have 'em gold-capped, It's more expensive, you know; but——er——under the circumstances——" (Hesitates.)

Helen (with studied gravity): "I don't follow you, Mr. Douglas."

Jack (sheepishly): "Oh! not at all."

Helen: "At any rate if I were you, *under the circumstances*, I wouldn't have them pulled, either, even though most girls do go to cooking schools nowadays. It's best to be on the right side."

Jack: "Miss Vinton, I don't quite understand you."

Helen: "Indeed? I am laboring under a similar disadvantage." (At this point further explanations are interrupted by Jack's becoming involved with the carbolic acid and rubber flap, upon which ensues a violent fit of choking. Meanwhile Tommy and fond Mamma issue forth from the Dental sanctum and exeunt.)

Dentist (from interior of office): "Mr. Douglas, please."

Jack (to Helen): "Of course, Miss Vinton, *you* go ahead of me. *I* can wait."

Helen (coldly): "No, thank you, I prefer to wait my turn."

Jack (significantly): "*Oh!* very well." (Disappears behind office door.)

Helen: "I wonder what's the matter with him. He doesn't look so very much engaged. Perhaps it's gone to his brain." (Philosophically.) "It has that effect sometimes." (A series of groans now forces its way dully through the door.)

Helen: "Oh! the poor fellow!" (She rushes to the door, which she throws wide open. Grand tableau. An operating chair tipped down to a perilous angle by the Dentist, is dis-

closed to view, in which Jack, who has fainted, is standing on his head in order that the blood may rush to his brain.)

Helen (hysterically seizing a tumbler of water and dashing it against Jack's immaculate shirt-front): "Oh! my poor Jack!"

Dentist: "There, that'll do, Miss Vinton, you've nearly drowned him. My dear sir (to Jack) I guess I can tip you right side up now, eh?"

Jack (from the depths of the chair sepulchrally): "Not before you tell me, Doctor, is *she* (pointing to Helen) *the* Miss Vinton or not?"

Doctor (blushing): "Of course not, of course not."

Jack (dramatically): "Then, Doctor, you may once more turn me right side up." (Then solemnly to Helen): "Helen, how could you let me languish so long under the monstrous delusion that you were engaged to the Doctor? It wasn't right."

Helen (tearfully): "But you danced so often with that Blanche Harrison that——that I thought——"

Jack (in his fatherly tone): "Helen, how could you distrust me so? I feel hurt."

Helen (sniffing): "Well, under the circumstances, it wasn't *so* preposterous."

Doctor (pacifically): "At any rate, it's all settled now, and here's the tooth, a fitting remembrance of——ahem!—— the first disagreement."

Helen: "Oh! How beautiful for a hatpin."

Jack: "Or a watch charm."

Helen (decisively): "A hatpin, love."

Jack (meekly): "As you will, dear."

Dentist (with sudden businesslike briskness): "Well, now it's your turn to have yours out, Miss Vinton."

Helen: "Oh! one will do for *us*, for to-day, thank you; won't it, Jack?"

Jack (with wry face) : "I should think so."

Helen : "Well, good-bye, Doctor." (Helen and Jack come into the waiting-room, while the Dentist busies himself, in his office, with instruments of torture.)

Helen (nestling up to Jack) : "And you really aren't engaged?"

Jack : "Why, no——that is to say, of course I am, and *you* know to whom, eh?" (Mutual osculations. At this juncture Harry bursts into the room hurricanically.)

Harry (open-mouthed) : "Well, by jove!"

[CURTAIN]

Homer Lytleton

Parting

Sweet Friend, I scarce can cry "Farewell,"
  Upon thy way to leave me;
My stubborn tongue is loathe to tell
  What words do most bereave me.

Sweet Friend, I pray this be thy mete
  (Where friendship grudges more);
Those paths be easy to thy feet
  That soonest kiss my door.

H. G. Alsberg

The Boy

THE dust rose in clouds towards the hot sun while he stood calmly in the center of the mad ring of men and mules, giving orders. There was the same fine ring in his voice that I had known when he sang in the church choir, only now it was a new bass in place of the shrill soprano. He was broadened too, and the curls of course were gone, but still there was much of the old choir boy left within the worn suit of blue under the battered felt.

We in town had known him as the boy angel. His voice and his beauty made him so, and he always marched at the head of the choir bearing the Cross. He was the vainest boy in all the city, vain and jealous of others. How he hated girls simply because some were as pretty as he! But his singing was beyond question, it was marvelous. He knew how much he was valued, and Sunday after Sunday would keep service waiting while he brushed his curls and adjusted his robe. But when the little girls were put into the choir there was a change. Merten Laskett knew then that his throne tottered. He was prompt and nervous that first Sunday and well he might have been, for *his* solo had been given to one of the new comers. It was his first rebuff. But his victory came unlooked for; the new singer, new to the church, almost broke down upon a high note, when Merten, seizing his chance, picked up the thread of song, clear as the morning air, and so skillfully that not a soul in the church was the wiser. The boy grew queer then and I think he tried to make love to the little girl in a childlike, condescending way, and one day she boxed his ears and called him a girl, and first we knew he had disappeared.

That was years ago. So here he had been, a fallen angel, while the little girl was crying her eyes out back in town for some unknown reason.

It was an intensely interesting scene. The troopers running after the mules, the mules after each other, and all the time the fair-haired corporal stood solidly in the center of the whirl, his teeth gleaming between streams of tobacco-juice and voluble explosions of commands. A surly Irishman, tired of the game, suddenly stopped and looked gloomily after the soaring heels of a mule. Softly the boy stole up behind him and kicked the giant with all his might.

"Quick, loafer!" he shouted, with much more, and the man jumped like an antelope after the wayward beast.

Three days later the troop ship, with a thousand souls on board, had vanished through the Golden Gate. Corporal Kettle (the name had changed) was assigned with his squad to tiny compartments in the port bow. They slept in hammocks, ate poor food and were roughly treated by man and sea, but none bore it so merrily as the Corporal. Each day before the sun rose from the suds of the Pacific the men were up, bathing, cleaning ship, making ready for a round of exercise and play. They were a rough lot, rough as young bears, ever ready for a fight or a wild tumble. Once the biggest of them had disobeyed the boy. The Corporal never waited for the guard, but fists, knees and elbows were at the man in a trice. "Sur'er he's a wild-cat or a devil," said the fellow afterwards in excuse for his swollen face. It was a strange thing to see the boy, so bullying, so relentless as he proved to be, the hardest master on the ship. Yet the men grew to love him through it all, "just fer the way he chews and swears," said one.

At Manila they were cast ashore like marbles from a bag to roll here and there to their respective stations. The Corporal

and his men went straight to the hills for scouting duty, and the work and the strain took the fun out of most of them, but the Corporal never seemed to lose his starch. The work was monotonous with little fighting or glory to be had, but just tramping and working and digging from dawn to dark. So many trenches they made only to forsake them, that it seemed as if the whole island must be covered with their handiwork, and so far did they tramp that they were continually looking for trees they had "blazed" themselves in the belief that they had circled the new possessions. There were many good and true men among them, many faithful, but the Corporal was more, he was faithful for those who were lax. Often he would do others' duty, often spend an extra night without sleep for the sake of others' neglect. But their first encounter and the Corporal's first mistake came together. They had camped at sundown, weary and restless behind scant cover, and were cooking the evening mess, when he dove suddenly for his gun, and, yelling madly for followers, ran swiftly across the open towards some brush where a group of natives were visible. Of course the men followed in an instant with no order, but eager with a wild fever at the sight and smell of battle, and they made a grand charge, executing a fine victory in a breathless space before a "commission" could draw his sword or say to them yea or nay. And they worshipped the boy after that though the victory cost him his stripes. They could not take away his honor or his name, for week after week they grew as the fighting did ; it was ever the little ex-Corporal who led, always he who was first over the breastwork, always he in the thick. In camp he was a strange fellow, merry and sad by times, now shouting some rollicking strains, now quiet and solemn for days at a time. But the men put it down to home-sickness and liked his merry moods the better for the intervention of the dark ones.

The company had been welded into its regiment and the regiment into the vanguard of the fighters, scouting was over and the best of the business at hand. Day after day they advanced steadily after the flying natives, capturing stronghold after stronghold until the work became wearying and the men held their evening in contempt. Here still the fallen Corporal was ever before, ever eager with a wild thirst to get at the enemy, to win honor with the first. When they captured a work he seemed to turn almost mad ; there was a wild light in his eyes, and at close quarters he fought with a strange frenzy. Often an officer would check him for his zeal, telling him that he alone did not have to win the island, telling him to leave a little work for others.

They had been moving swiftly for some days, the boy still active in his mad work, when on an afternoon the men missed him from his place in the van. Never had he been absent before ; what matter could have kept him ? Surely if he had fallen in the attack some one must have noticed. His old squad of seven men thought it over, and at twilight they set back upon the trail to search. Few had been struck in the advance and the hospital corps was good. They came upon no fallen man, and after an hour they were about to return when some sound from a clump of woodland drew their attention. Fearing an ambuscade they crept along on hands and knees, till coming to some rising ground they saw a strange sight in the hollow : a man sorely wounded lying there, his head on Kettle's knee, while Kettle was singing to him—singing as the men had never heard him sing before, in low, sweet tones, some old hymn of childhood. They watched awestruck and saw him bathe the man's head, and then the man murmured something and Kettle bending over him listened, and then sang again gently. It was getting dark and pres-

ently the man died, and Kettle spread over him his coat and set off towards the camp. The men dodged him as they would a ghost, and returned silent and thoughtful by themselves.

"Where've yer been?" demanded a Sergeant of Kettle as he came through the lines.

"Turned my ankle, and stopped to bathe it," was the reply, and the men hearing, vowed they would die for him some day.

A month later, again a Corporal for distinguished bravery, Kettle was laid up in hospital with a wasting fever. It was gall to his soul to be abed thus, mastered by this overpowering thing that he could not fight. They put him by a window, and hour after hour he would lie gazing at the green mountains, picturing to himself the fighting the men were having without him. And then he fell to making pictures and writing verses, drawing his nurses and putting little squibs at the bottom, till his fame as an artist and rhymer spread through the hospital, and he was soon making pictures and verses for every one. In this way he came to be a great favorite, and the head doctor told him once he should be sorry to let him go when he was well again. But this day seemed to be always far away, for the fever had taken strong hold upon the boy, and though he bore it bravely he became more fretful with his weakness, and this the doctor said was a bad sign.

Another month and the natives had shifted with the winds, so that our troops were turning to save their flank. Often the firing could be heard at the hospital, and the sound seemed to put new life in the sufferer, for he gradually began to gain, and was soon strong enough to sit up and resume the sketches that had been discontinued. He was doing this one day, when sudden as the typhoon the storm of battle swept close

by. Men rushed through the hospital in gaining cover for the advance. They were everywhere, firing and yelling like madmen in the wild onrush. And then, whether it was the returning delirium or not, Corporal Kettle, his eyes afire, half clothed, sprang from his bed and ran upon the scorching field in the tide of battle, and seizing a gun, with mad shout took his old place in the van, fighting like a demon. Up through the trees on the rising ground swept the flood, brown figures in full retreat, the blue sweeping relentlessly on, and some among them recognizing an old leader risen as if from the grave, fought as they had not fought since the old days—fought with the hunger and fury of a blasting gale. But at the crest, that strangest wild figure in all the scene, staggered, a great splotch of red upon his breast, and sank unseen, silently beneath the brush. And there he listened to the turmoil, the chase sweeping upon its way. He was himself again now, but fast fading like the western sun. About his neck was an old string with a tiny locket beneath his shirt, and he drew it out. Just the picture of a little choir girl, spotted with his blood. "Ah!" he said, brushing it clean and smiling grimly, "I didn't mean to do that, pretty one." And then he fell back with a soft thud in the dry grass.

* * * *

Back in the hospital they had missed him and followed with all speed, three doctors and half the nurses in the place.

"He was such a jolly fellow," said one.

"No more pictures if we don't find him," murmured the doctor.

They came upon him where he lay in the grass, and the doctor tucked the picture away next the boy's faintly beating heart, and they carried him tenderly back. And there, under kind hands he gained health slowly against all odds, though

Doctor Latmer said it was only by burning Uncle Sam's best gunpowder beside him that the cure was effected.

* * * *

On a sweet June day, a year later, Lieutenant Laskett, scarcely more than a boy, but brown and hard and lean, with the leanness of the soldier and the athlete, walked briskly along a shaded street in the old town where he had once sung in the church choir. He turned aside at a wicket gate, entered a green yard and paused a minute. Then in a walk that was almost a run, determined, just as he was wont to charge the enemy, he went towards a hammock where a girl in white was idly swinging. He came softly and bent over her with never a word, and lifted her in his arms. The girl gave a quick, startled scream, but the strong arms never relented. Their owner was moving towards the gate now. Her head was pressed against his shoulder so that she could not cry out and her eyes were focused on a little round metal thing, the decoration of the Legion of Honor. A strange faintness and shivering possessed her, she could not move, she was helpless. Across the sunny roadway strode her captor, whispering now earnestly to the pink ear under the wavy hair. Up the steps of a lilac-covered house he went and into a quiet studio where a grave, kindly man was poring over his books.

"Parson," he said, "I want to marry this girl—— and she wants to marry me."

"What!" exclaimed the man, starting up. "Er, this is extremely sudden."

"Very," murmured the girl, softly, in the stillness.

And when it was done the stern captor bent over her tenderly and smoothed the rumpled tresses, kissing the white brow from the love of his heart. And then he took the sim-

ple medal of the Legion of Honor and pinned it on her breast. "There!" he said, clasping her to himself and touching with his lips the big eyes that looked trustingly into his.

"You might have died in the choir, but for me, Merten," she said.

A. R. Allan

College Pins
Fraternity Jewelry
Class Stationery
Steel and Copper-Plate Engraving
Engrossed and Illuminated Work
Silver Trophies, etc.

Estimates and Designs furnished for superior work at attractive prices

Correspondence invited

Tiffany & Co.

UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK

NOTICE

The office of the Morningside is in Room 7, opposite the Lunch Room, West Hall, and all communications and contributions should be sent to that address.

Subscribers who have heretofore received their copies by *college mail* are requested to call for them at the office on days of publication.

The Morningside will be sent to all its previous subscribers unless orders to discontinue are received.

Send notice of change of address or desire to discontinue subscription to G. C. Atkins, Business Manager.

Advertising rates sent upon application.

Especial attention is called to Morningside Advertisers.

Imaginary Lectures

BY

Walter Satyr, Anne Langdrew, and Walter Lavish Slander

with CARICATURES by

M. A. Strauss, Huger Elliott, and W. H. Schanck

This book contains the seven Imaginary Lectures, the Imaginary Interview, and all the Original Caricatures which appeared last season in The Morningside. In addition there are two new Lectures, an Imaginary Address and Pictures to match. The whole forms a volume of the greatest value to every Columbia Man, Woman, and Child.

Five hundred copies of IMAGINARY LECTURES have been printed and the types distributed. Of this edition one hundred copies will be sold (for a limited time only) at one dollar each, and the price of the remainder advanced to two dollars a copy.

The book is presented in the best possible form in every respect of book-making. Its dimensions are twice those of The Morningside, and it contains about Seventy-five Pages, including the Gallery of Portraits. It is bound in gray boards with white labels. Each copy being numbered is unique.

Copies may be obtained at the office of Morningside, West Hall, on October 11th, 18th and 25th., when subscribers who have not already done so, are requested to call for their reserved copies.

S. D. & G. GOLF CLUBS
ARE THE BEST

LAKEWOOD, . - - - $1.00
S. D. & G., Highest Quality, - 1.50
S. D. & G., Hand-made.

A large stock of New Eureka A1 Black, Ocobo, and Silvertown on hand.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 & 304 Broadway, cor. Duane St. NEW YORK

Golf Books—given away
Golf Wearables—sold

Book on etiquette of golf, rules, general chit-chat
Knickerbockers in all shades
Red golf coats and sweaters—with Club collars
Flannel suits in all the new colorings
Puttees
Golf clubs and golf balls
Caddy bags
Special designs and insignia for golf coats

Rogers, Peet & Company

258 Broadway, cor. Warren
569 Broadway, cor. Prince
1260 Broadway, cor. 32d

NEW YORK

HEGEMAN & CO.
125th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York

HARLEM DEPOT FOR HUYLER'S CANDY. . . . . FRESH DAILY

OUR Soda Syrups are all made from the fruit; no artificial syrups or coloring matter used at our fountain. Our prices for Drugs, Prescriptions, Patent Medicines, &c., exactly the same as at our well-known store, 196 Broadway.

ALBERY CLASSICS

? WHAT. SHALL
?? ???? I. DO ?
??? *Fifty Profitable Occupations*
????? For boys and girls who are undecided as to how to earn money. $1.00
??????? HINDS & NOBLE
????????? Publishers, 4-5-6-12-13-14 Cooper In. New York City
?????????? *School Books of All Publishers at One Store*
??????????????
????????????????

When you buy Candy get the best . . . .

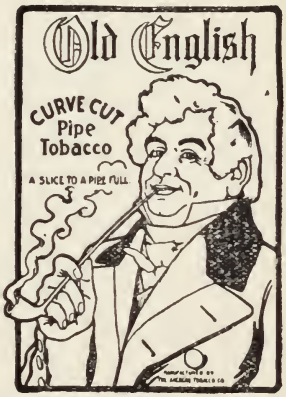
POWELL'S

Chocolates and Confections

For Sale at the Lunch Counter

"A slice to a pipeful" is one reason why Old English Curve Cut pipe tobacco is so popular. The curved tin box that fits any pocket is another reason. No other pipe tobacco has ever made as many friends in so short a time.

"It disappoints no one."



A trial box will be sent to any one anywhere on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address Old English Department, The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Ave., New York City. All dealers sell it.

Columbia University in the City of New York

COLUMBIA University includes both a college and a university in the strict sense of the words. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754 as King's College. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Barnard College, a college for women, is financially a separate corporation; but, educationally, is a part of the system of Columbia University.

Teachers College, a professional school for teachers is also, financially, a separate corporation; and also, educationally, a part of the system of Columbia University.

Each college and school is under the charge of its own faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are all under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science.

For the care and advancement of the general interests of the university educational system, as a whole, a council has been established, which is representative of all the corporations concerned.

I. THE COLLEGES

Columbia College offers for men a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the Annual Circular of Information.

Barnard College, founded in 1889, offers for women a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the Annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in Columbia College. Certain courses under the non-professional faculties are open to women who have taken the first degree. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned. The faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to a diploma of the university.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken, without extra charge, by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

SETH LOW, LL.D., *President*

OYL 1210 BOX 75